Ere Red Leaves Fall

arranged by

Colin WB Foley

Ere Red Leaves Fall

a cycle of original arrangements by Colin WB Foley,
based on songs from

The Diamond Book of Songs

a late 1800s songbook,
found in disrepair in a used
bookstore, five years ago.

Dedicated to Hamilton Aïdé, B Braham, Louis Diehl,
George F Hatto & Rosa Villiars, GW Hunt,
Isador Luckstone, Waverly, Milton Wellings,
and three unknown composers.

songs

Prelude

composed by Colin WB Foley
with considerable improvisation by LooseyLeaf

The Broken Penny

music by Isador Luckstone
lyrics by Fred E. Queen

In the eve when the moon shone so brightly,
And the stars threw their light on the sea,
Darling Nellie and I broke a penny,
And she vowed to be true unto me;
Then I wandered away o'er the ocean so wide,
Finding joy in the love I had sown;
But when I returned to make her my bride,
Then I found that the false one had gone.

I try hard to forget darling Nellie,
And the vows that we made in the fall,
But the thought of the eve by the seaside
Brings the tears to my eyes spite of all;
I still have my half of the old penny we broke,
In the moonlight, oh! why these hot tears;
It brings to my mind the vows that she spoke,
That half penny I've loved all these years.

Then I'll treasure my half of the penny,
For it brings back those moments once more,
When I thought she was loving and constant,
And was waiting for me on the shore;
For although she was false I can never forget
That her heart was once loving and true,
And memory will cherish the hour we met,
When we broke the old penny in two.

Of the old broken penny we each kept a half,
I sigh for the darling that's gone,
She soon lost her part, 'twas half of my heart,
And left me to sorrow alone.

Miniature

William was holding in his hand,
The likeness of his wife,
Fresh, as if touched by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace, and life;
He almost thought it spoke; He gazed
upon the treasure still,
absorbed, delighted, and amazed,
To view the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'twas drawn to nature true;
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."

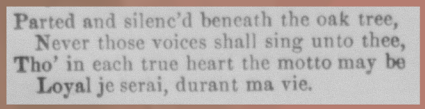
"And has it kissed you back, my dear?"
"Why, no my love," said he –
"Then William, it is very clear,
'tis not at all like me!"

Little Bird on the Green Tree

Little bird, little bird, on the green tree,
Listen and learn it, and and warble it to me;
What is he pleading, and what murmurs she?
Loyal je serai, durant ma vie.

Little bird, little bird, on the bare tree,
Only the wintry blast sigheth to thee,
Where are the voices that sung in their glee?
Loyal je serai, durant ma vie.

Checquered and sad may our destiny be
Sorrow and sickness may ceave unto thee,
Whate'er can daunt us whose motto shall be
Loyal je serai, durant ma vie.


Parted and silenc'd beneath the oak tree,
Never those voices shall sing unto thee,
Tho' in each true heart the motto may be
Loyal je serai, durant ma vie.

Moderato.
WHISPER IN THE TWILIGHT.
1. O whisper in the twilight, Softly, sweet and low; Tell me art thou mine, love? Tell me ere you
go. While the stars are shining In the sky a - bove, Answer, lit-tle fai - ry, Wilt thou be my
CHORUS.
love? O whisper in the twilight, Softly, sweet and low, Tell me, lit-tle fairy, Art thou mine or no?

Whisper in the Twilight

O whisper in the twilight,
Softly, sweet and low;
Tell me art thou mine, love?
Tell me ere you go.
While the stars are shining
In the sky above,
Answer litte fairy,
Wilt though be my love?

O whisper in the twilight,
Ere the birds have flown;
Say in loving accents,
Thou art mine alone,
Whilst the spring flowers blossom,
Smiling sweet and fair,
Tell me, little darling,
Thou my love wilt share.

O whisper in the twilight,
'neath the hawthorn tree,
Tell me that forever,
Thou wilt faithful be.
When the dew is falling,
Where the lilies blow,
Whisper, soft and fondly,
Art thou mine or no?

O whisper in the twilight,
Softly, sweet and low;
Tell me, little fairy,
Art thou mine or no?

Believe Me

One morning my darling had promised to meet me
At sundown, where daffodills grow on the hill;
She came not, but sure that she never would cheat me,
I waited, the night came, I waitted there still.

The nightingale warbled, "Believe me, believe me,
"The maid's heart is true, though she seemed to forget,"
And I think to this day she ne'er meant to deceive me,
Though long years have passed, and we never have met!

I know we shall meet in the sweet summer weather,
When we too have passed from the night to the day;
In a garden of roses we'll wander together,
And doubt, like the clouds, shall be drifted away.

An angel will whisper, "You trusted, you trusted,
"Believed, though 'twas silent, the heart might be true;
"You fought for her faith, and your sword never rusted,
"And this your reward, she was faithful to you!"

When Red Leaves Fall

music by George F Hatto
lyrics by Rosa Villiars

Shimmering leaves and sunlight playing
Hide and seek on the orchard wall;
The drone of bees, a streamlet swaying with
Restless rush the grasses tall!

Swaying, swaying, swaying.
Hands clasped, hearts close, a lover saying:
"I will come back ere red leaves fall."
Hands clasped, hearts close, a lover saying:
"I will come back ere red leaves fall."

Moaning winds are hoarsely sighing
Through the boughs of the orchard bare;
Wreathing mists, and dark clouds flying
From the frowns of the fleeting year;

Flying, flying, flying.
Vague fears, vain tears, a maiden crying:
"He is not back, though red leaves fall."
Vague fears, vain tears, a maiden crying:
"He is not back, though red leaves fall."

Love That Slumbers

music by Milton Wellings

Hand clasped in hand, we bade adieu,
That day you held me, dear,
Oh, keen and bleak the seawinds blew,
Oh, sad the sky and drear –

Though clouds above were cold and gray,
Though mists around us fell,
My life was bright with sun that day,
Ah! then you loved me well!
Ah, then you loved me well!

Love, the night falls dreary,
Come, ere the sunlight flies,
Hearts that wait grow weary,
Love that slumbers dies!

Once more beside the sea I stand,
Alas! alone! alone!
The sunny wavelets woo the sand,
And make its gold their own;

No cloud the summer blue to mra,
No wind to break the spell –
Yet winter's sky was fairer far,
Ah! then you loved me well!
Ah, then you loved me well!

Love, the night falls dreary,
Come, ere the sunlight flies,
Hearts that wait grow weary,
Love that slumbers dies!

Beautiful Bells

music and lyrics by Waverly

Beautiful bells, O beautiful bells,
Thy gentle music I joyously hear!
How to my heart thy witchery tells
Tales of the past, ever dear.

Wilt thou return once more until me,
On wings of sweet echo, to banish my pain?
Hark! hark the strain, it comes over the lea,
In ravishing sweetness again.
Beautiful bells, O beautiful bells,
Bringing back pleasures so dear to the heart;
Love's deathless flowers still beauty will braid,
Wreathing round memory's urn.
Beautiful bells, O beautiful bells!

Joys of my youth, they never will fade,
But back again will on bright wings return;
Love's deathless flowers beauty will braid,
Wreathing round memory's urn.

Wilt thou return once more until me,
On wings of sweet echo, to banish my pain?
Hark! hark the strain, it comes over the lea,
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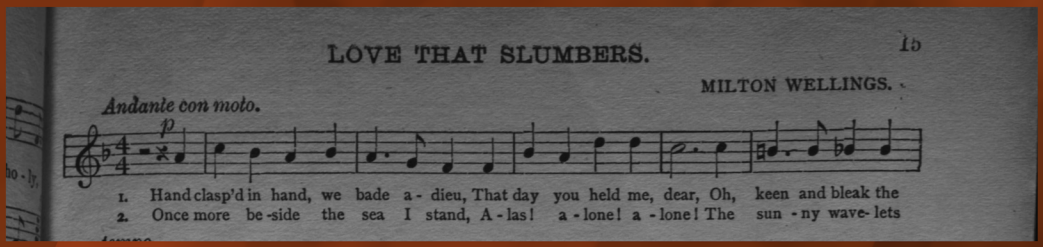
LOVE THAT SLUMBERS.
15
MILTON WELLINGS.
Andante con moto.
p
1. Hand clasp'd in hand, we bade a - dieu, That day you held me, dear, Oh, keen and bleak the
2. Once more be-side the sea I stand, A - las! a - lone! a - lone! The sun - ny wave- lets

The Water Mill

music by Louis Diehl

Listen to the water mill,
All the livelong day,
How the clicking of the wheel
Wears the hours away;
Languidly the Autumn wind
Stars the greenwood leaves,
From the field the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves;
And a mem'ry o'er my mind,
As a spell is cast:
The mill will never, never grind
With the water that is past...

Take the lesson to yourself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too.
Strive to make the most of life;
Lose no happy day,
Time will never bring you back
Chances swept away;
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love, while love shall last;
The mill will never, never grind
With the water that is past...

First Love

music by B Braham

How often of those days I think,
When by my Harry's side,
I listened to his vows of love,
And on those vows relied!
I felt if e'er perfection dwelt
Within the human heart,
It dwelt in his, and that sweet thought
Did ecstasy impart,
It dwelt in his, and that sweet thought
Did ecstasy impart.

'tis over now my lot is changed,
But thoughts will sometimes rise,
And in the secret chambers oft
Will tears bedim the eyes.
Whate'er our later years may bring,
Whatever change we see,
The time when first we felt love's power,
Can ne'er forgotten be,
The time when first we felt love's power,
Can ne'er forgotten be.

The Kiss Behind the Door

music by GW Hunt

Susan dear, the morn is breaking,
And I must away,
Leave from thee unwilling taking,
Would that I could stay.

For, charming Sue, I love but you;
Oft I have told you so before;
Then let me not depart, ere I press you to my heart,
And steal a little kiss behind the door.

Love is like a tender flower
Shedding its perfume
Oft, unnourished by the shower,
Losing all its bloom.

Vows of love too oft are broken,
Faithless lovers flee;
Leaving not behind a token,
'tis not so with me.

For, charming Sue, I love but you;
Oft I have told you so before;
Then let me not depart, ere I press you to my heart,
And steal a little kiss behind the door.

recording notes

Due to the pandemic, this recording was remotely performed and recorded.

I recorded the vocals in a private studio at 96 kHz 24 bit with an AT 4040 connected to a Komplete audio interface.

The viola was recorded, per my direction, at 96 kHz 24 bit with an AKG P420 microphone connected to a Zoom H6 recorder.

The trombone was recorded by Joshua Yee at 96 kHz 24 bit. He used an SM 57 and an Audio Technica microphone.

The piano was recorded as a MIDI performance and then performed through a virtual Boesendorfer piano sample library, sampled at 44 kHz 24 bit.

To give the album a coherent sound, the only reverb I used was based on an impulse response from Saint Lawrence Church, Molenbeek-Wersbeek, Belgium. The music was mixed on Logic Pro X.

Typeset in **Merriweather** by Sorkin Type and **Raleway** by The League of Moveable Type.

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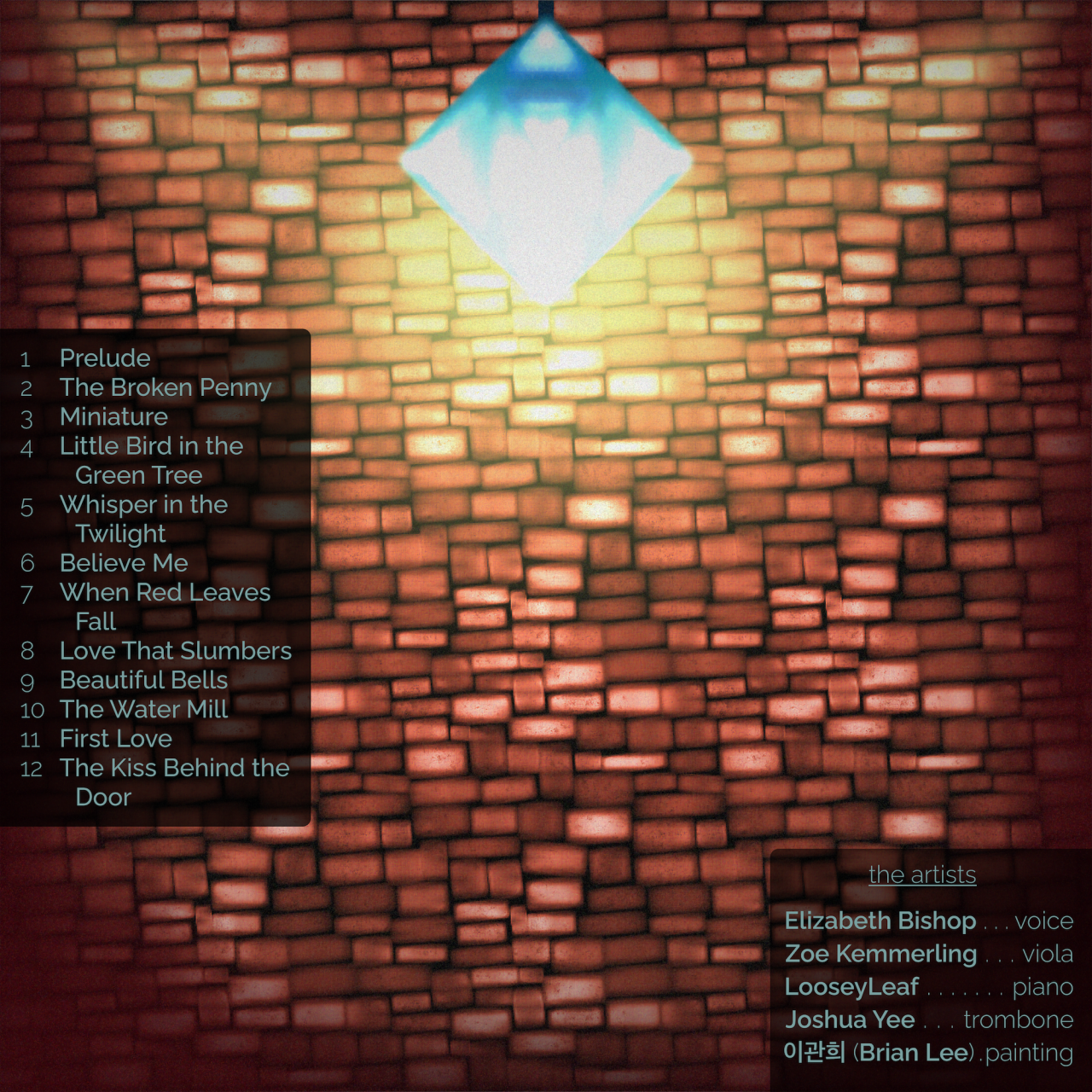

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the artists

Elizabeth Bishop . . . voice
Zoe Kemmerling . . . viola
LooseyLeaf . . . . . piano
Joshua Yee . . . trombone
이관희 (Brian Lee) .painting